Until You're Dripping by BeautyInChains

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Summary:

“Love how wet you get for me.”
“I know,” Steve whispers as Billy milks another drop of precome from his slit, "Not the only place I'm wet for you."
Billy's hand stills, his shoulders stiffen, throat working as his eyes rove over Steve's frame, "What?"

Until You're Dripping

Author's Note:

> More porn! Can't stop, won't stop! I wanted Billy enthralled by Steve's sloppy hole. This didn't get as messy as I had intended (once I realized where I was going with this, haha), so you can expect a nastier exploration sometime in the future.
>
> Title has been borrowed from the song Or Nah by Ty Dolla $ign feat. The Weeknd, Wiz Khalifa and DJ Mustard. Which is one of my fave porn writing songs.
>
> As always: unbeta'd, comments/con-crit/kudos welcome. Please do not hesitate to come at me with your headcanons. Also, I'm trying to be a better Tumblrer, so please feel free to find me at http://thebeautyinchains.tumblr.com/
>
> Hope you enjoy :)

"God, I'm going, I'm going, Jesus!" Steve swears as Billy shoves him down the darkened hall and through his bedroom door. Billy looks absolutely feral, all sharp teeth and dark predatory eyes. Billy fists the front of Steve's stupid blue argyle sweater vest and shoves him up against the door. Steve hisses as his head knocks back against the wood, his long fingers closing around Billy's wrists. Steve can still make out the inane and distant chatter, the clinking of champagne glasses through the wall and swallows hard. "The fuck's gotten into you?"

Billy runs his tongue along Steve's jaw, the light stubble tickling his taste buds, "Just - you, asshole!"

"Me?" Steve laughs as Billy sucks a kiss just beneath his ear.

"Uh huh. Just...walkin' around like you own the place, talkin' bout the family business in your fancy fuckin' sweater and, *God*, these

pants. You do realize how tight these are, don't you? I mean, I wasn't the only one checkin' you out."

"Ugh, gross," Steve wrinkles his nose as he thinks about the faces of all his parents' friends and colleagues below, "You're being stupid. The only one checking me out was you, asshat."

Billy presses in close, nuzzles into the crook of Steve's neck as he cups him through his dress pants, "If you think Martha wasn't eyeballin' this fuckin' monster then you got another thing comin'."

"Stop talking about fucking Martha and touch me," Steve growls, fingers tangling in Billy's curls as Billy strokes him over the fabric of his slacks. Billy grins at the way Steve's cock surges beneath his touch.

Billy releases him with a squeeze, nimble fingers working his fly open, "Better get you outta these before you punch a hole through 'em with your dick."

Steve laughs breathlessly as Billy pulls out his cock, runs his thumb over the head.

"Mmm, wet for me already, baby? You're so fucking easy."

"Billy, c'mon," Steve murmurs.

"Love how wet you get for me."

"I know," Steve whispers as Billy milks another drop of precome from his slit, "Not the only place I'm wet for you."

Billy's hand stills, his shoulders stiffen, throat working as his eyes rove over Steve's frame, "What?"

Steve shoves Billy back with a grin, turns to face the door and drops his dress pants to his knees, briefs following in a sinful reveal. Billy catches the slick glistening on the skin between Steve's cheeks as Steve leans forward and braces himself on his forearms.

"Oh fuck, *fuck*," Billy swears harshly, fingers gripping and pulling and parting until he can see Steve's pretty little hole, pink and so wet. He

drags the rough pad of his thumb across the sensitive skin, pushing in just a bit, "When?"

Steve hums, arches back into Billy's touch. He can feel Billy's cock through his jeans, pushing against Steve's bare skin, "Right after the toast, you were -ah!" Steve cuts himself off as Billy sinks a finger in easily.

"I was?" Billy prompts, fucking the digit in and out.

"Busy making fucking small talk with Martha."

Billy growls, fucking a second finger in alongside the first, "Fucking Martha."

"Fucking Martha," Steve agrees, breath coming in pants now.

Billy leans in close, crooking his fingers against Steve's prostate as he nips at his ear, "Rather be fuckin' you."

Steve laughs at the line despite himself, "Then shut the fuck up and do it already."

Billy relishes the whine Steve makes as he draws back, leaving him empty, hole fluttering helplessly around nothing. Billy wastes no time, nothing's stopping them now. He opens his belt, watches Steve shiver at the clink and brush of the leather. Billy works his fly open and pulls out his cock, shoves his pants down just enough. He pries Steve's hole open with his thumbs and spits, watches it run down and in.

"You're fucking disgusting" Steve bites out.

"Don't pretend you don't love it," Billy replies, cockhead catching on Steve's wet rim.

"I won't." Steve moans as Billy begins to sink inside.

Billy goes slow, watches, delirious, as his cock disappears inch by inch until he bottoms out with a grunt. He shifts his grip to Steve's hips, blunt fingernails digging into the pale skin as he pulls almost all the way out before slamming back in. Steve gasps, elbows slipping

against the door. Billy does it again, achingly slow and deliciously hard. He builds up a punishing rhythm that has Steve muffling his whines into his wrist, body pounding the door with a steady little thump.

"So fuckin' tight like this," Billy slurs, pushes at the base of Steve's spine firmly until he gives, back arching, "Touch your cock."

Steve whimpers as he drops a hand between his legs, fingers curling around his dripping cock.

"You think they can hear us? Hear what I'm doing to you? How much you like it?"

"Billy, *fuck*."

"Would you like that, baby? Every single one of them knowin' how sweet you take my cock? Every single one of them knowin' who you belong to?"

"Yes."

"Fuck, me too. You're gonna make me come, baby. Fill up that pretty little hole."

Steve howls, body clenching almost violently around Billy's dick as he comes, spurting over his fist, against his bedroom door and the floor. Billy's a goner the moment Steve's body convulses around him, milking his release from him. Billy growls as he floods Steve's insides with hot, thick come; fucks Steve through it until there's nothing left.

"Aww man, I am gonna feel that tomorrow," Steve chuckles breathlessly causing his body to ripple around Billy's spent cock. Billy hisses, pulls out slowly, grips Steve's hips hard when he moves to stand.

"Wait."

"What?"

"I just wanna," Billy murmurs, running his thumb back over Steve's messy hole, pressing and pulling just enough that he can watch his

come begin to leak from Steve's hole. Steve whimpers when he realizes what Billy's up to. He catches a rivulet on his thumb, soothes it back up and into Steve's hole only to do it all over again. "Can you...*fuck*. Can you *push*? Just."

Steve bites down on his lip as he complies, focuses his attention on his poor, fucked out muscles enough to give a gentle push causing a thick, heavy gush of come to pour out of his hole, to drip down his perineum and ooze down his inner thigh.

His legs tremble with the effort of keeping himself upright, "Billy?"

"Shit, sorry. Hang on."

The absence of Billy's warmth against him is followed by the shuffling of fabrics and then Billy is pressing something soft and dry against his thigh, gently cleaning him. Billy works his way up to Steve's hole, watching it flutter at the contact as he carefully pats the wet, sensitive skin.

It's another minute or two before Billy presses a kiss one of the little dimples at the base of Steve's spine as he withdraws.

"There. All better," Billy says, clearing his throat.

Steve stands up slowly, a bit dizzy from having held his position for so long. He bites his bottom lip as he shifts a little from side to side eyeing the now soiled t-shirt Billy had used to clean him up where it's crumpled on the floor.

"Fuck, I can still feel you inside me."

Billy whines, pushing in close and nuzzling into the crook of Steve's neck, "Can't talk like that. I'll be ready to go all over again."

Steve snickers, "Later. We need to get back to the party."

"Yeah, fuckin' Martha's probably wondering where you went off to."

"Oh my God, Billy. I thought we were past fucking Martha," Steve says with a sigh as he shakes his head, hauling his briefs and pants back up his legs and hips. Billy waits a beat before speaking, and

when he does his tone has shifted back into the more devious one he had entered the room with.

"Hey, Steve?"

"Yeah?"

"Next time? I'm gonna clean you up with my tongue."